

How to Please a Time God

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How to Please a Time God

by [FistfulofDollars](#)

Summary

Morty and Jessica have two rules in their open relationship: don't make it weird and don't talk about the other people. She decides to break both when she asks Morty if she can shoot her shot with Rick, oh and also will Morty ask Rick if he'd be into that. Smut ensues.

Notes

Sorry if something like this has been done before. The idea infected me in the middle of the night and wouldn't let me sleep until I at least tried to write it. Set a few years "after" the show because I aged them up. Not that it matters, there's literally no plot :p

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Morty, so uh, we've been doing this thing for a while now, huh?"

Jessica pulls on her skirt. She looks so beautiful lit by the orange glow of his lamp and the moonlight coming through his window, but Morty feels his stomach clench sickeningly at her words.

Here it is: the break-up talk. He's always ready for it, always waiting for the other shoe to drop. Despite the fact their open, 'not-really-a-relationship-but-kind-of' feels like it's been working out better than any of their other attempts at romance before, he's always known in his heart it couldn't last.

"Aw geez, Jessica, yeah I guess so. A few months now at least."

Sitting up on the bed, he wishes she had at least waited until he was dressed before breaking his heart. His right hand is pressing down into the wet spot on the sheets they just made fucking, and now she's going to tell him she never wants to see him again or something.

"Right." She says, looking relieved he acknowledged that a few months might be considered 'a while,' "So there's something I want to ask you, but if it's weird, just say so, and I won't ask again."

Ask? Who asks to break up?

"Um, okay."

She fiddles with the hem of her skirt uncomfortably and Morty starts to worry his hand is going to stick to the sheets when he tries to pull it up.

"I know we said no talking about our other partners and whatnot, but I wanted to run this by you first..."

"Okayyy." Morty draws the word out, feeling the familiar relief he always does when he realizes she isn't rejecting him.

She says, "What would you think if I, you know, took a shot with Rick?"

"Rick Denning from Spanish class?"

"No, Rick, like your grandfather Rick. Oh god, it sounds so stupid when I say it out loud. It's just sometimes I get these vibes from him, but it's probably nothing and he'd probably say no anyways and I don't want to freak you out even if he did say yes. I don't know..."

What do you think, do I actually have a shot? Also would it be super weird for you?"

Morty listens to her rambling in silence, absorbing her words about as well as a clogged drain might. Rick? His Rick?

"W-why are you ask-asking me this?"

"Oh god, it's weird right? I knew it would be. Just forget I said anything. It's stupid really."

"No, I-I don't think it's stupid."

In rushing to keep her from berating herself, Morty actually does forget for a moment how utterly stupid the idea of engaging Rick in this thing he and her do together would actually be.

"It's nothing really. Like I said, I just get *vibes* from him sometimes or whatever."

"You get 'vibes' from Grandpa Rick? S-sex vibes?"

Jessica covers her mouth with her hand and looks out towards the window like she's too embarrassed to look at him.

"Yeah, sometimes or whatever." She says from behind her hand.

"Well, that's- Yeah, h-he does that. To people, I mean. You don't have to be embarrassed."

Morty gets off the bed, wiping his sticky hand on the side of the mattress and pulling his jeans on without bothering with underwear. She turns back to look at him.

"So you think I have a shot?"

She looks so hopeful which he likes a lot better than her feeling stupid.

"You know ... I mean, geez, y-you maybe..." Her face starts to fall.
"Yeah. Of course. Of course you do. He'd be crazy ..."

There's probably some way to end that sentence that would be flattering to her, but his mind fails to find it, and he just sort of trails off.

"But it would be weird for you." She says in a sort of half-statement,

half-question.

"Well, that was sort of the whole thing. We agreed. No weirdness, right? N-no matter who else we see."

"Yeah, but we also agreed no talking about it, and I don't really think he wouldn't talk to you about it if we... you know."

"Yeah..."

If Rick hooked up with Morty's life-long crush, there's no way he'd stay quiet about it. He'd positively crow about it every chance he got, and Jessica obviously knows him well enough to know that, and it's still not enough to stop her from bringing this up with him now, right after they just had what he would characterize as perfectly good sex.

"So just say no if the whole thing is too weird for you."

"No. I-I-I mean, no it's not too weird for me. G-go for it. You know, you do you."

"Really?"

"Sure. Of course."

"You are so much cooler than other guys, Morty."

"Well, you know, just trying to-trying the old being a, well I want to be supportive and-"

"So do you think he'd want to?"

"Huh?"

"Hook up with me? Rick, I mean, I don't want to ask if he's not going to be into it."

"Oh, w-with Rick it's...I mean..." His voice loses focus, but she doesn't jump in, letting the uncomfortable silence stretch out instead.

"...I could ask."

"*Would you?*" In her excitement, her arms come forward and squeeze her breasts into the perfect cleavage under her tank top, and he's still not willing to think so poorly of her as to believe she'd do something like that on purpose just to convince him.

"Y-yeah. Sure."

"Great. I've still got some time before I have to be home."

She leans against his windowsill.

"Now? H-he might be sleeping."

"No worries. If he doesn't reply, whatever."

Morty takes his phone from the nightstand and opens his messages to Rick, but his fingers hover uselessly over the keyboard. What is he supposed to type? What are they doing here? The last message in the thread is Rick telling him to get on their Minecraft server and it's from yesterday. Experimentally almost, he types out:

[Hey, Jessica's here and wanted me to ask]

The lady in question comes to read what he's typing over his shoulder, and he feels sick already with the ribbing he's going to get from Rick when this is all over, no matter how it turns out.

He tries to think of what else to say but his fingers won't cooperate, perhaps out of some misguided attempt at self-preservation, but it's no good. Jessica is waiting for him to finish the text and his mind is set on doing it for her no matter the cost.

[if you'd be interested in hooking up with her occasionally]

Send. Don't look at it. Don't think about it. Morty locks his phone immediately after hitting the send button.

"Like I said, he's probably sleeping, but I can tell you what he says tomorrow."

His phone buzzes against his palm and it's clear she hears it too. Solely to protect her from whatever the response is, Morty's much more firm with keeping her from reading it over his shoulder than he'd usually be.

Rick's response is, [type 1 if you're being held hostage]

[I'm not it's a serious question]

"What did he say?" Jessica asks, trying to get a peek over his shoulder.

"Oh, you know..."

[sad if true] is all Rick says, and then nothing else.

"Morty."

"Um."

[Please just say yes or no] He types back feeling more frantic than maybe the situation calls for.

For a second there's no reply in his phone, and Jessica is still looking at him imploringly. Of course Rick has nothing to say now. Why couldn't he have just not replied in the first place?

When a portal opens in the corner of the room, lighting them both up neon green and casting their shadows like X's on the bed, far from relief, Rick's emergence from it makes Morty feel a sort of mental form of nausea like vertigo.

"What- What's all this kids? What's going on?" Rick says, rubbing at his face where a five-o'clock shadow is only just beginning to appear. He looks relatively sober at least; practically a miracle this time of night.

Despite her insistence in initiating all this, Jessica loses some of her nerve when the man himself comes in and steps behind Morty, putting one of her cold hands on his bare back while looking at Rick from over his shoulder.

"It's not an emergency, alright. You didn't have to come here. Jessica just wanted to know..." Morty tries to roll his shoulders in such a way that it encourages Jessica to come out from behind them. "She wanted to know if maybe you're interested in-"

"I wanted to see if you're free tomorrow night. To hang or whatever." She cuts in before Morty can finish, maybe worried he might make her seem uncool or, even worse, desperate.

"Free to *hang* tomorrow night?" Rick scowls. "Jesus Christ. Myself maybe."

"You don't have to be rude. It's just a question." Morty says in defense of Jessica, not entirely sure why he's bothering. Maybe she deserves this.

"Morty," Rick takes him by the shoulder and leads him a few feet away from Jessica conspiratorially, though not far enough away for her not to hear them. "C-correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought I just spent the

last two months hearing about how you had this puss locked down."

"We're actually doing an open-thing." Jessica says as if Rick had been talking to her, and Morty suppresses a miserable groan. Mostly, at least.

"Yeah, Rick. I told you. Remember. We're trying out- trying some different stuff out."

Rick looks at him that way he always does when he assumes Morty can tell exactly what he's thinking, except Morty literally never can.

"I'm not gonna 'hang' with your girlfriend," Rick says, making air quotes around the word hang.

"Oh, I'm not his girlfriend."

Another look.

"But I will- I'll tell you what, I'm gonna do this for you, buddy. And it's a long time overdue. I'm gonna, grandpa's gonna show you how to make a woman happy. In bed, I mean. I-I-I'm pretty shit at the other stuff."

He walks past Morty and takes Jessica by the shoulders leading her towards the bed in a way that seems to excite her, but which only fills Morty with the same dread he always feels when Rick starts treating living beings like objects to play around with.

"Annnnndd... I'm gonna do it by example."

"What?!, That's not-"

"Shut up Morty." Jessica cuts him off.

He shuts up.

She's looking at Rick now like she's expecting a good time, and he's looking at her like he'd love to find out down to the microliter how much blood she could lose and still stay alive, and Morty is looking at both of them like he's going to be sick.

This isn't- it's not... The deal. It's not the *deal*. Remember Jessica? The deal?!

"How old are you?" Rick asks, letting go of her shoulders so he can retrieve his flask from his coat and drink from it.

"Seventeen." She says.

"Good enough." He pushes her onto the bed where she flops onto her butt with a small bounce.

"Rick!" Morty says but his voice comes out a lot more thin and wavery than he'd like.

"Well, technically, I'm ageless." Jessica looks up at Rick through her eyelashes, "I spent eons as a crystallized time god watching civilizations rise and fall."

"Nice."

"Rick, can we talk about this for a second. Just one second, over here."

Morty holds up his hand to cut Jessica off before she can interrupt him again, and Rick puts his flask away, obliging Morty because of course he does because this is all a game to him.

"Don't do this. O-or at least, you know, don't do it in my bed." He tries to keep his voice low and can see Jessica looking over at the two of them.

"L-listen, I'm doing this for- No listen," He gives Morty a hard shake to keep him from interrupting. "I'm doing this for you, Morty. Look over there. Look at her," They both turn to look at Jessica, "Does that look like a satisfied, ageless time god to you?"

He looks over at Jessica laying on the bed where Rick pushed her, her legs spread tantalizingly, waiting for him to come finish the job.

"No," he says, miserably.

"I can see your fucking jizz there drying on the bed, a-a-and she's lying there, she's practically still begging for it."

Morty feels a familiar curdle in his gut as he recognizes the genuine disappointment in Rick's voice.

"Yeah." He says, looking down at the carpet even when Rick gives him another rough shake.

"Wait here." Rick disappears into another portal and reappears a second later with an old computer chair Morty recognizes from one of the labs in the lower basement. Rick sits him down in it roughly, reaches down between his legs to grab it, and rolls him over to the

bed where Jessica has turned over on her side to look at their strange dance.

"Watch." Rick says, indicating Morty's supposed to observe whatever's about to happen between his grandfather and his not-quite-girlfriend.

"Ooh, that's hot." Jessica sounds like she's commenting on a scene in some manufactured porno and not their real, actual life. She does add on, at the end, "I mean, if you're okay with it, Morty,"

"Yeah, *Morty*, are you okay with it?"

"Yes." The pathetic lilt of his voice suddenly reminds him of his father and he clears his throat. "I'm okay with it. If you are, Jessica."

For him.

Long overdue.

If anyone could please a time god, please *Jessica*, it would be Rick, and if anyone could show him how to please Jessica, well shit, it'd probably be Rick too.

Standing at the end of the bed, Rick is taking off his lab coat as if this is something that's really going to happen. Right now, in fact. Going to happen right now. Right in front of him. Morty's heart is hammering away inside his chest. He almost feels like he should warn Jessica about Rick, but doesn't have even the faintest clue where to start.

Rick's pulling his sweater off now.

From his vantage point on the chair, Morty can see the pink cotton fabric of Jessica's underwear where her spread legs have exposed it under her skirt. He rubs an unsteady hand against his bare chest in an attempt to get his heart to slow down, but it doesn't respond to the soothing gesture.

Rick crawls onto the bed between Jessica's legs, looks at her and says, "If you want me to stop, say stop. Understand? Nod if you understand."

Jessica nods.

If this actually happens, Morty is going to lose his sanity. Gone. Taken by a Rick Sanchez like so many other things in this universe have

been.

Rick is undoing his belt buckle.

At first Morty thinks he can hear Jessica's breathing become labored, but then he realizes it's his own. Panting, his heart thudding like he's just run a mile in five minutes, he digs his hands into the arm rests of the stupid computer chair as if pressing down into the thing will ground him to reality somehow. On the bed, Jessica wiggles her hips in a way that's undoubtedly supposed to be enticing, and Rick spares her a glance while pulling down his zipper.

Leaving his pants where they are, he reaches out to grab the edges of her mini skirt and yanks it down and off her hips in one quick tug that makes her gasp.

Jealousy.

Heat and fear and jealousy all mixing inside Morty's gut like a warning that he should stop this now before it's too late. There's no way Rick's fingertips and palms don't feel different on her skin than Morty's as he runs them under her tank top before pulling it off. Rick's hands might as well be twice the size of his own and get their texture and roughness from near constant use in his work in the garage.

They're sliding up Jessica's flawless stomach now, Rick's hands. Grazing her breasts and touching her nipples, and Morty's dick is starting to respond too, and this is going to be one of *those* things. One of those things, like when he gets *too* horny and scrolls *too* far into pornhub's tags and sees something that really fucks him up for a while.

Fucks him up like he has to see more of it.

His hand releases its death grip on the chair and goes to palm himself through his jeans. The press of the rough fabric against his skin is both uncomfortable and perfect. Meanwhile, Rick's hand has made it up to Jessica's face and he runs his thumb over her lips in a way that makes her open her mouth.

"How do you like it?" He asks, and Morty thinks, you don't just *ask* a person that.

She closes and purses her lips cutely like she's too embarrassed to answer.

"Rough?"

She shakes her head.

"No? Slow?"

She nods.

"A-alright."

Then Rick turns to look at *him*, and Morty's hand presses almost painfully hard against his clothed dick as he makes eye contact with his grandfather. Rick takes the hand not thumbing Jessica's lips and levels two fingers at Morty's eyes then points to himself.

Watch me

Dry mouthed, Morty nods.

Like it's some sort of amazingly high-definition dream, Morty watches against the backdrop of his frantically thudding heart as Rick presses Jessica's legs apart even further and then lowers his head between them without bothering to take her underwear off.

From the computer chair, Morty has the perfect view to watch as Rick slides a teasing finger just under the edges of her panties, where the ribbed border meets her thigh. Then his head is blocking most of it, but Morty knows with a kind of psychic clarity that Rick is licking her now right now over her underwear. He can see how much she likes, even, it in the way her thighs start to tremble and her toes curl.

Slow? He'd asked, and she had nodded yes.

Now Rick is licking a very slow line along her panties, down her pussy, and all the way to where the crack of her perfect ass starts to pinch the fabric of her underwear between it. He lifts her legs with steady hands to get better access, and to give Morty a better view. Yes, that too, because all of this is for Morty's benefit. To remind him of what a piece of shit he is. Because stupid Morty watched too much stupid porn and thought that all girls liked it the same way. Liked it fast. Thought that you're supposed to move your fingers and your tongue as fast as you can when you're down there, no pauses, until your jaw is literally aching with it, because *that's* the only way to make a girl cum.

Jessica usually pushes him off before they get that far.

She's not pushing Rick off. He keeps doing what he's doing, uninterrupted, licking up and down her underwear until she slings one of her arms over her face and starts making quiet noises into the crook of her elbow that correspond to the twitchy movements of her thighs and stomach as Rick continues his work. He lifts her legs a little higher again, and now Morty can see the red of his tongue as he flattens it and drags it across her cotton underwear, and he can see the damp patch it's leaving on the cotton, and he can even see the divots Rick's fingers are leaving in the soft flesh of her thighs, and the tension in her feet, with their red-painted toe nails, when Rick pauses at her clit and starts focusing his attention there.

Listening to the muffled sounds she's making, Morty continues to press his own palm roughly against the erection in his jeans, ignoring every selfish thought that encourages him to take it out and start stroking.

This isn't about him.

Well, it is, but not like that. It's about his ignorance, his stupidity, his lack of ability. It's about how Jessica hates him and wants Rick and how Rick can have anything, anything at all in the entire universe, and he chooses the one thing that means anything to Morty. These thoughts make him press his palm down even harder into his crotch until it's painful, and still he stays hard. Even as he feels the familiar prickle of tears in his eyes. Even as his breathing becomes so loud, he can hear it like a white noise machine inside his own head. He's enjoying this. Jessica's obviously enjoying this. And that leaves-

Rick adjusts Jessica's position again and turns to make sure Morty is still watching. Satisfied that his is, he eases Jessica's panties off and tosses them onto the carpet.

With the whooshing sounds of his own breath filling his ears, Morty watches as Rick puts the middle and index finger of his own hand into his mouth and gets them wet with saliva. Without anything to hold them up, Jessica's legs have fallen open, limply. Leaving her on full display, unselfconscious. And what's there for her to be self-conscious about? She's perfect in every way. Does Rick know that? Does Rick know *real art* when he sees it?

He's looking at Morty again. Only briefly. Just checking to make sure he's being observed as he succeeds where his grandson has failed and, as soon as he's sure, he brings his fingers to the damp lips of her pussy and presses them in with no resistance. Morty was *just* in there. Just in there half an hour ago, and now Rick's fingers are touching all the

places his dick had. Except when it had been Morty's dick in her, Jessica hadn't been making even half the noises she is now, and she certainly hadn't been wriggling against the sheets of his bed like this, looking as though she can't sit still from the excitement of it all.

From the movement of his wrist, Morty can see that Rick is twisting and spreading his two fingers inside her, and this one isn't really fair because Morty will *never* have hands the size of Rick's and he has put his fingers inside of Jessica before. It's just that she didn't react like this. He can't do anything about it now, can't do anything but watch as her hands ball up into fists against the sheets of his bed while Rick continues his slow, methodical exploration of her insides. At one point he must do something really good because her back arches off the mattress and a small whimper escapes her mouth, and when that happens, Morty notices that Rick repeats the action again, holding her hips steady so he can drive his fingers in a little deeper and turning her whimpers into moans.

Morty's hand twitches compulsively towards his zipper, aching to free himself and find some relief but he won't let it. Rick's done little more than lick her through her underwear and finger her, and of course he's already managed to get Jessica to make the kinds of sounds Morty's only ever heard her make in his dreams. The kind of sounds he desperately *wants* to get her to make, but now Rick will forever have done it first because of course he has.

And they've just barely gotten started haven't they, he thinks piteously. A blissful look in Jessica's eyes tells him she's thinking the same thing, to opposite effect.

Rick drags his fingers out of her slow, deliberately, before pushing them back in and doing it again, and each time he pulls them out, they come with wet strands of not only spit but also the juices Jessica's pleasure is creating. Each time Rick's fingers sink back inside her, the action makes a wet, squishy sound, and Morty can't stop himself from rubbing his erection though his pants seeking some kind of relief from the pressure of it trapped in his jeans.

Despite the way her hips are straining out to meet his fingers, Rick doesn't revel in this power he holds over her, instead he uses his free hand to hold her hips in place to give Morty the best view he can of what he's doing to make her feel that way. Just as the fingering is no longer initiating the same frequency of moans as before, Rick switches it up and brings his tongue back into the mix, and Morty watches as his grandfather's fingers disappear into his girlfriend up to the knuckle

while at the same time Rick's tongue dances across her clit in a slightly faster rhythm than the slow purposeful one he'd been using before.

In an almost immediate response, Jessica's hips strain against the hand Rick's using to hold them in place. She lets out some more of those breathy moans that make Morty's cock feel like an excited puppy responding to the sound of its own name, and he can see desperation in the way her body is trying to lift off the bed and how the only thing holding it down is Rick's constant pressure.

The sound of the mattress springs creaking mixed with Jessica's whimpers has Morty leaning forward in the old desk chair helplessly. He wants to be on that bed right now instead of Rick but, at the same time, knows that if it was him doing this, none of those sounds would be made because they never have been for him.

No, that's not true. He'll do better next time Rick. He will. He really will.

Like he's daring Morty to even try and imitate him to the same effect, Rick's mouth presses against Jessica like he's giving her a kiss right on her clit and whatever he's doing makes her gasp and writhe in pleasure, and every time one of her legs moves in a way that might block Morty's view of what's happening, Rick pushes it back down because this is his punishment for having something that is *not Rick* and Rick is not going to let him escape even a single second of it.

Lightly, aware there's other people in the house, Jessica cries out his name - not Morty's - and Rick pulls off of her with a wet sound, a string of spit going from his lips to her vulva, and the hand Morty's not using to rub his own cock through his pants, the one still pressing into the chair's arm, is trembling so hard it's amazing the whole thing isn't vibrating with the force of it.

Pulling himself onto his knees between Jessica's legs, Rick's hands go to the waistband of his pants where Morty can see he's got his own erection hidden, and all he can't think is

wait

Like himself on the chair, Jessica is also trembling, from her tightly clenched hands all the way down to her stomach and sweat damp thighs, but she pulls herself up onto her elbows to watch Rick lower his pants

wait wait

which he does, and Morty's not surprised because he's seen it incidentally a thousand times before, but now he's got to live with the new sound of Jessica's appreciative gasp, knowing it has nothing to do with him at all.

Completely ignoring the way Morty is palming his own erection through his jeans, Rick gets up and grabs the chair by the edge between Morty's legs again and drags it to better position, and Morty lets himself be moved like a rag doll even though in his head he's still thinking

wait wait wait

Pants around his knees, standing by the foot of the bed, Rick grabs Jessica by the ankles and drags her over to him so her legs are hanging off the edge of the bed on either side of his. He bends over her until they're face to face and takes her head in his hand, and Morty can't understand why he feels his eyes suddenly prickle and fill with tears again until Rick's lips find Jessica's and then they're kissing, actually kissing. Rick is licking her bottom lip and putting his tongue in her mouth, and Morty can't do anything but watch them from his removed vantage point with his dick in his pants tangibly throbbing against his palm.

"Relax." Rick says. To her, not him. No one's looking at him.

Then he might say something else to her, but the words get lost in the roaring wind inside Morty's head as he watches while Rick's hand guides his dick in a sliding motion to rub against Jessica's perfect, soft, wet opening. There's no stopping himself from thinking about how he had *just* been there. Just had sex with her *tonight*. And now Rick's dick is going to be in there too, fucking the same woman as his grandson had less than an hour earlier.

Wait

Rick slides the very tip of the head in and Jessica moans as though it's the whole thing. Finally losing the battle with his own urges, Morty's shaking hand fights with the button on his jeans and frees his own cock so he can hold it in his hand, the feeling offering him a perverse sense of comfort as he watches Rick's thumb between Jessica's legs spreading her open so he can slide in even further.

Morty expects him to tease her - Isn't *that* what you're supposed to do?

Doesn't he at least have that part right? - But Rick only presses in an inch, pulls out, rubs the head of his cock against the outside of her lips and clit and then presses back in a little further this time.

He doesn't pretend like he's going to stop, doesn't make her beg, never stops touching her, and now it's happening. He really is fucking her.

It's over for Morty. She's *never* going to want him again.

Two more inches, and it's like Rick has some sort of supernatural sense of how much she can take. Without pausing, he pulls out before she shows any sign of discomfort. Waiting, holding his dick and rubbing it against her soft – soft, perfect, so soft, Morty remembers how *soft* – folds before pushing back in again, one inch at a time.

On the chair, Morty thumbs the head of his own cock, transfixed by the scene going on in front of him. Jessica is losing her poorly fought battle with propriety, and no longer requires Rick's grip to keep her legs open. On her own, she spreads them as far apart as possible, and Morty starts jerking himself off in earnest while focusing on all the needy tension in her body.

Rick's almost all the way inside her now, but makes no effort to quicken his pace. Instead of pulling out all the way, he's started moving his hips in small, circular motions that draw moans out of Morty's sort-of-but-not-really girlfriend. If anyone else in the house is awake and also listening, they'll assume it's Morty making her sound that way. The thought does nothing to calm his heart.

Or slow his hand.

Far from looking uncomfortable – or bored – as she sometimes does with Morty, tonight Jessica's mouth falls open and she digs her heels into the back of Rick's calves as he slides the rest of the way into her. She wriggles like she can't control herself, attempting to scoot even closer to the man who's so deep inside her already, she can probably feel him in her fucking stomach. Morty's going to lose his mind.

Rick makes a small noise in the back of his throat when Jessica pushes against him, and leans over her in a way that makes Morty think he's going to kiss her again, or spit into her open mouth. Instead, he grabs her by the armpits and scoots her backwards an inch into the position he had her before. He does this without sliding out of her, with steady hands, he does it and then he straightens back up and hooks her legs over his arms and starts fucking her again. Every move slow and deliberate, and it feels so dirty to watch. Dirty and wrong and

possibly the hottest thing that's ever happened to Morty in his life.

He and her, the two of them. And Morty. The three of them.

Unconcerned by the prospect of the long-term effects this might be having on his grandson, Rick keeps his thrusts deep and steady, pulling out just far enough each time so they can all hear the wet sound of it when he presses back in, and Morty tries unsuccessfully to time his own strokes to it like he would when watching porn, but the slow pace is maddening. He keeps slipping up and going faster and pushing closer to an orgasm before catching himself and slowing down again. Less and less successfully each time. He does this until his breath is coming out in quivering bursts, and the hand still holding onto the armrest is trembling hard enough he actually can hear the sound of plastic pieces somewhere on the chair knocking together now.

Even though Jessica's red hair is wild around her face, and her mouth is open in ecstasy, and her eyelashes are fluttering so perfectly on her cheeks, Rick is looking at him. Rick is looking at him, and Morty is certain there's some sort of lesson here he's supposed to be absorbing but, unless the lesson is that sex is hot, and that watching sex is hot, and that his hand feels good, and that right now, right this very second, everything that's happening is so hot it's getting him close, so close, to jizzing on himself again. Unless that's the lesson Rick's trying to impart, he's not getting it. Or is that the lesson? Rick, Jessica, watching, his hand? Is that what Rick's trying to tell him. Everything starting to get jumbled up in his mind. He's right there, can feel it building inside his stomach like a low flame, but Rick is watching him, and the face he's making gets Morty thinking about that *disappointed tone*. Morty slows his hand once again, displaying self-control he never in a million years would have thought he had.

He shoots another quick glance at Rick, but Rick isn't looking at him anymore. He's looking down at his own cock, licking his thumb thoughtfully, getting it wet with spit - as if it isn't wet enough down there already - and when he's satisfied, he brings it down between Jessica's legs and starts rubbing the spot just above where his dick is sinking into her in a steady rhythm. After a few minutes of this, Jessica's pretty much done for. Morty swallows hard, focused on holding his own orgasm off as he watches her hips tilt up and her legs tighten and her hands dig further into the sheets, and at the very last second she opens her mouth and says, "Oh, God. Morty, watch."

Stroking his own cock roughly, helplessly, he watches her orgasm like

someone trying to stare directly into the sun. She's so unbelievably beautiful and he's so utterly nothing but she wants him to watch, so he does. He watches while Rick rubs her through her orgasm and she presses into the bed, moaning and sobbing and saying *Morty's* name and *Rick's* name and, looking at the pulsing spot where Rick's dick disappears inside her, Morty cums too. Stringy jizz shoots onto his stomach and knuckles as his body reacts to the things going on in front of him, and the sensation makes him feel so overextended and breathless it's almost scary.

The two of them, together. Her, penetrated, an object of adoration worthy of attention, him, an extra in the room, practically forgotten.

While Morty is wiping at the warm globs of cum on his stomach, looking for something to dry himself off with, Rick is pulling out of Jessica, still hard, lifting his pants from where they've been hanging around his knees and doing them back up at the button. When he's done, he grabs Morty by the arm and pulls him off the chair.

No longer interested in the girl on the bed, who, to be fair, doesn't look particularly interested in either of them right now either, Rick pulls him a few feet away towards the door and says, "That's pretty much- I'm mean, play with her tits a little, you know, *improvise*. But that's pretty much the gist of it. Do you- do you see what I'm saying, Morty?"

Morty is looking at the hand on his arm, the same fingers that had been inside Jessica minutes ago now pressing into his own skin, attached to someone strong and careless enough to leave bruises without thinking about it. He feels shell-shocked. Knocked out by what he just witnessed. Still reeling. Lost in his thoughts and the lingering sensation of his own orgasm.

Full of the buzzing static of a disconnected TV, his mind is having a difficult time processing what Rick is saying.

"Because I can't be... it's embarrassing... people know... and if we hang out..."

Rick's words slip in and out of focus, but Morty's pupils do not. They stay wide, staring straight ahead as Rick talks to him in increasingly difficult to parse words. Heart pounding, throat wheezing as he consciously draws air in and out of his lungs, he wonders why Rick's done this. How can he be talking now about how embarrassing the whole situation is for *him*? Doesn't he have any sense of what he's just

done? Do any of them?

Like a marionette doll, Morty's legs buckle in slow motion, loose at the joints, and Rick has to either let go or be the only thing holding him up. He lets go.

"Hey, I'm trying to have a conversation here. Morty. Are you listening?"

But he's not - to Rick at least.

He's listening now to the buzzing, empty static inside his head. It's speaking to him in a soft, almost angelic, voice only he can interpret.

It's telling him to do something very specific.

The tip of Rick's erection is still poking out of his waistband, and with his belt undone and hanging limply by the loops to either side, it's easy enough for Morty to thumb his button open, hook his fingers into the small space between Rick's sharp hips and his underwear, and pull it all down until Rick's dick is jutting out right in front of his face and he's already decided what he's going to do with it before anyone else in the room has time to react.

"Jesus Christ." Is all Rick says as Morty wraps a fist around his cock and takes it into his mouth, as deep as he can, all the way until his lips are touching his fingers and then he lets go and takes it deeper still.

Ignoring the burn in his throat that makes him want to cough, he's thinking about how it tastes like

Jessica

And smells like

Jessica

And how Rick's pubes are damp with

Jessica

"Oh my god." She says from the bed, but the rational part of Morty's mind that agrees with her tone, that's aware what he's doing right now is wrong - and possibly illegal - has no sway over that empty, staticky voice telling him this is right. This is what comes next. This is what Rick wants to come next.

"Fuck." Rick whispers like he isn't sure he wants to be heard and his hand comes up and hovers next by Morty's head like he's uncertain what he wants to do with it.

All Morty wants to do is bury his face in closer to the smell of Jessica on Rick's pubes, and if he has to relax his jaw and take Rick further into his throat until it aches to do it, so be it.

"Oh, shit. Fuck." Rick sounds surprised as Morty's mouth slips another inch further down his shaft, but he doesn't do anything to stop it.

There's really not much of his dick left to fit into Morty's throat now, but he's not able to bring himself to go any further; the sensation of choking too much to overcome on his own. Rick brings his hand to Morty's hair, finally having decided what to do with it, and tilts his head back slightly, and Morty looks at him with eyes he hopes convey what he's thinking:

help me

"Oh, shit. Oh, *fuck*." Rick repeats, and then he's pushing on the back of Morty's skull to bring his head forward and ease the last remaining inch into his mouth.

Now the feeling that he's going choke is overwhelming, and fresh tears are falling down the smudged tracks of his face, but Rick doesn't let him pull away. He holds Morty's head in place with an unyielding grip as the boy fights to find his composure against the gagging pressure in the back of his throat without coughing – he *wants* to cough – and while breathing. Except the only option to breathe is through his nose which makes him feel a momentary panic like he's not going to be able to get enough air. But when he's done all that, and Rick is still holding his head flush against his hips, then there's really nothing left to do but breathe in deep the scent of Jessica and focus on not choking as Rick starts fucking him deep in the back of his throat. *Slow*. He keeps his hand right where it is so Morty can't pull away, and starts making tiny, thrusting movements that slide the tip of his cock around Morty's throat, the back of his tongue, the roof of his mouth.

Holy shit.

Once again, the incestuous nature of what they're doing smacks Morty in the face, but it doesn't make him want to stop. The opposite, actually. It had been one thing to watch Rick fuck Jessica, but this is different. Isn't it? This is Rick *fucking him*. It's different from watching, to feel Rick fingers threading through his hair and holding his head

still. Even if they are still wet from the deepest parts of *Jessica*. And it's different to have Rick's dick in the back of his throat, straining and stretching his already aching jaw, even if every small thrust brings him closer to Rick's pubes damp with *Jessica*. And it's very different from the quiet way he'd been earlier, to hear Rick groaning now, his dick throbbing against Morty's tongue as he fucks his throat harder while Morty thinks about *Jessica*. And Rick. And him. Him, Jessica, and Rick. The three of them together right now doing things that might not get them sent to jail, but which would make his mother cry and his father too, if they knew. Oh god, if anyone knew what was happening in this room right now, they would be in so much trouble. He would be labeled a pervert. A freak. The worst of the worst. He's going to cum again. The dick that fucked Jessica so soft and slow through her orgasm is now thrusting into the back of his throat with more speed than finesse. Not for him at all, but purely for Rick's own pleasure, and it's okay because he's going to cum again. Because the fingers gripping his hair now are holding on so tight, he already knows there's going to be a clump of it left in Rick's hand when he finally lets go, and because the dick fucking his throat is thrusting in a twitchy, trembly way that's about pure need without any control – which means that Rick is losing his control for *Morty* – and, finally, because his own hand is so perfect and practiced at hitting all the right spots he can, and has, brought himself to orgasm in less than thirty seconds under the right circumstances.

Like tonight.

Like right now.

Like this.

Morty's gurgled groan as he finishes for a third time tonight must hit Rick in just the right way. The fingers in his hair tighten painfully and Rick lets out a sharp curse that still sounds slightly surprised as hot liquid spills down the back of Morty's throat, and he's forced to swallow around Rick's cock which makes the older man groan loudly before finally releasing Morty's head and letting him pull away.

Sputtering, coughing, he can see strands of his own hair clinging to Rick's sticky fingers.

He thinks someone in the room is going to call him a fucking pervert - someone *should* - but Rick pulls his pants up without comment, buckling his belt securely this time. Head pounding, throat aching. Five seconds, if Morty can have just five seconds on the floor with his

eyes closed maybe things will start to make sense again. If he can close his eyes for five seconds, lay his head down for even half of that, then maybe none of this will have happened at all. Maybe he'll open them again and Jessica will be standing by his window, and all of this will have been some sort of deluded fantasy his mind made up because he's sick.

He's a sick, sick, guy.

All of this happened because he's sick. He's...

Five seconds. He's going to close his eyes for five seconds...

"Thereee he is."

Morty opens his eyes and when they focus, he sees Rick's and Jessica's faces looking down at him. Above them is the chipped paint he recognizes as the ceiling above his bed. Below him is a very dirty set of sheets on a lumpy mattress.

"Whatsishappen?" He slurs, but no one answers him.

"Is he going to be okay?" Jessica asks and Rick pats him on the thigh. Someone's pulled his pants back on. Despite feeling completely exhausted, he doesn't remember falling asleep, if that's what he did.

"Yeah, he's gonna be fine. Just a, a big night for the little guy."

"Oh, okay."

The faces disappear from his vision, and Morty swallows painfully, still looking up at the ceiling.

"Well, anyways. I should probably go now before my mom calls the cops or something."

"Y-you gonna walk?" Rick asks her.

"Yeah, I guess."

"Nah, I'll drive you. Lotta, lots of perverts out there. Can't be walking around this time of night."

"Thanks... Um, goodnight Morty."

For a second her delicate hand brushes against his arm, and then it's gone again. Fighting against tears and his aching throat, it takes Morty

a few seconds to respond.

"Good night, Jessica." He says, but she's already gone.

End Notes

Anyways, that's all. Hope you enjoyed! I have a very vague idea of writing the same thing but opposite where Rick fucks Morty while Jessica watches but have no idea if that's something I'll feel like writing in a few weeks or a few years from now. But if I do, I'll add it as a second chapter. We'll see lol

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